

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by Judge Rob't H. Terrell

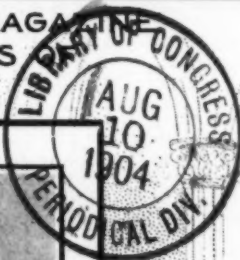
THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
THE COLORED RACE.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

See Page 542

T.R.M. HANNÉ NY

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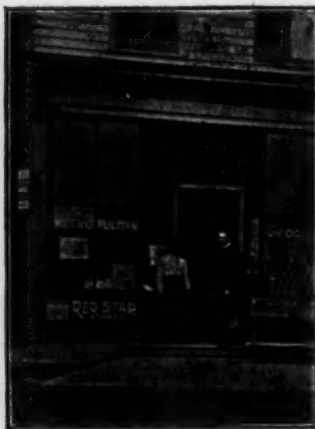
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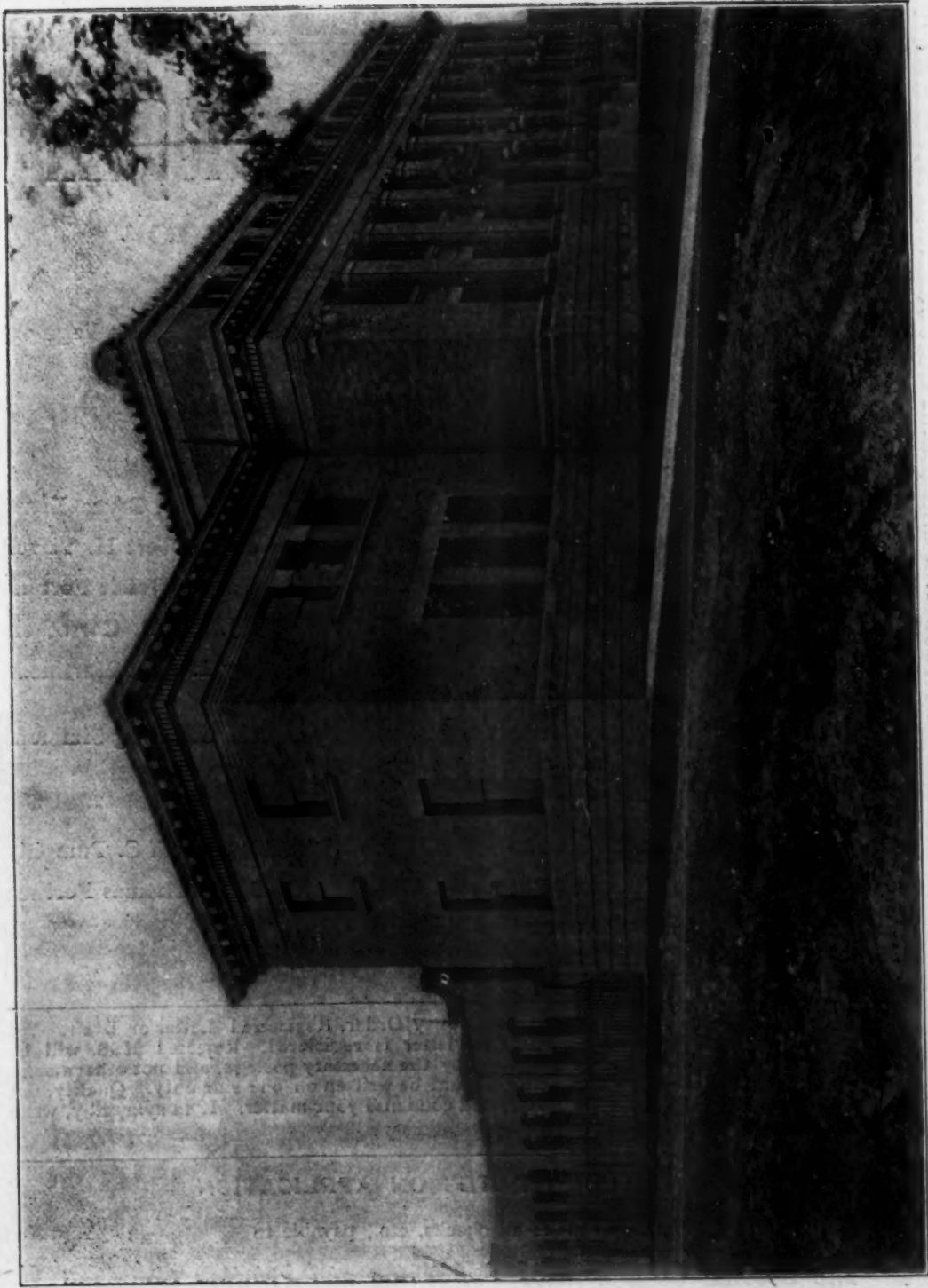
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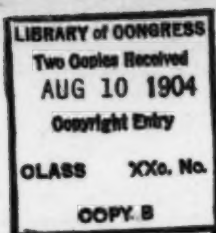
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THE ARMSTRONG MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

AUGUST, 1904.

NO. 8

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD

A BRAVE man neither courts danger nor runs away from it, when forced upon him. It is also true of races. The Afro-American people have displayed as much courage, both moral and physical, during their residence in the United States, as any other race element of the population; and this in war and in peace. It is often overlooked or underestimated that opportunities for the display of courage of the highest sort occur more frequently in conditions of peace than of war; when, therefore, we speak of the courage of the Afro-American people we do so in the broadest sense. Mankind are prone now, as in past times, to measure courage by the standards of war times rather than of peace. In the wars of the Republic, then, from Bunker Hill to San Juan Hill, covering the whole period of national life and aspiration, the Afro-American people have displayed a courage equal to that of their white fellows. They have done this in the condition of slavery as well as of freedom, and without the incentives to valor held out to others of their fellows. They have been brave in the crises of peril because it is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh to be so.

But, while the Afro-American people have just right to be proud of the record they have made in defense of the flag,—which has never protected them and does not do so now, as it does other citizens, in any part of the Federal territories,—it is not that phase of their courage which is most admirable or which it is the purpose here to emphasize. Martial spirit and conquest are survivals of the barbarous in our too frail human nature, and oftener serve to enslave than to enlarge the freedom of the race. It is true, as Cowper has put it, that "War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at." We agree with Shakespeare, the greatest of poets, that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." And this was never more strikingly illustrated than in the peaceful life of the Japanese people, as the writer saw it quite a year ago,—in their sturdy industry, in which every man, woman and child had his assignment and did his part; but the world passed this by with scant notice, and knew but little of it, until the war scenes in the East cumbered the telegraphic facilities and started the newspaper presses to turning out floods of white paper, breathing with slaughter and blood; a barbarous condition which the clarion

voice of Count Leo Tolstoi has just arraigned and condemned in a deliverance more remarkable than any that has been made since Paul thundered on Mars Hill. It is not in war but in peace that the Japanese people are to be seen to best advantage; to gauge accurately the inspiration of healthy optimism which pervades the national life of the people and gives them a character for patience, industry and thrift not possessed by any other homogenous people. That man or race that possesses the quality of healthy optimism, with the saving virtues of courage, patience, industry and thrift, will "overcome the world, the flesh and the devil" in the race of life. Such a people will have a maximum of success to a minimum of failure.

Bright Side of Life

Now, except in the matter of thrift,—of the saving disposition, the disposition to hoard a part of what is earned, not for the pleasure of hoarding as the miser does it, but to provide against the rainy day, as the wise man does it,—and except in the matter of faith in one another, the Afro-American people are not unlike the Japanese people. They are optimistic enough; the bright side of life appeals to them: always because it is a part of their nature; and they are industrious enough. Few people anywhere work more cheerfully than they. We know that many tons of paper have been turned into periodical literature in the last two decades and a half to prove that this is not so, that they are lazy and slovenly, and all that; but the people who have been loudest in proclaiming this view of the matter are in the same box with those of their kind who have got into the Philippine Islands and

who spend the greater part of their time abusing the Filipinos because they are disinclined to work, the climate being against physical effort,—they do not work themselves and could not be got to work. But the statistics of industry in the Southern States before the war, when the Afro-American people were slaves, disprove the contention that they are lazy, if we did not have the testimony of Henry Woodfen Grady and others of equal authority to do so; while the marvelous industrial development of the Southern States, disclosed by statistics scattered in all directions, since the War of the Rebellion, are even more emphatic testimony that the Afro-American is not a sluggard. Why are the planters of Southern States furious when efforts are made on the part of these laborers to seek by change of residence to better their condition? Why are they constantly complaining of shortage in the labor supply, if the Afro-American, who is the back-bone of the Southern labor force, is a sluggard, when Southern industry was never more productive than now? There is no truth in the contention. Despite bad local conditions, in which all the law is on the side of the employer and wages and treatment of the employee are as bad as they can be, often reaching the point of terrorization, with civil and political rights trampled under the heel of a vicious tyranny of oppression and repression, the black laborer still bends to his task of honest toil, demonstrating in a condition of peace the virtues of industry and patience which have ever been the foundation of the prosperity of States, if not always of the happiness and contentment of the people. The disposition of the Afro-

American people to look on the bright side of life, even in the most untoward conditions, hopeful always that good may come out of evil, is a characteristic which has enabled them to live side by side with the white man with a greater degree of success and in the enjoyment of a larger measure of civil and political rights, and with a more hopeful prospect of ultimate equality under the law, than any other dark race in history, in the past or the present, has done. As a matter of fact, the twelfth census report, just published, shows that "Negro breadwinners constitute 62.2 percent. of all Negroes at least ten years of age. For whites the corresponding per cent. is 48.6, and for Southern whites 46.9." The sluggard business appears, therefore, to be on the Southern white foot rather than on the Southern black foot.

The Indian and the Malay races everywhere, in the Atlantic and the Pacific, have gone to pieces in contact with the white race; but the black man in America and the West Indies has done nothing of the sort: To-day he is measuring arms in every avenue of thought and effort with the white man, and, despite a heritage of material poverty and mental ignorance and moral obliquity out of the school of slavery—which taught him to be licentious and hypocritical and thriftless—he has stood his ground as a man; he is standing his ground.

Two Business Men as Examples

The Afro-American is doing even more than standing his ground; he is forging ahead in new and untried lines where he was not expected to be a competitor or was competent to succeed. As an independent business man, as an employer of labor—as merchant, farmer and con-

tractor—he has made a start and gained sufficient headway to compel belief that he will keep going ahead. When the scarcity of unskilled labor in the Southern States is considered and discussed the fact that all Afro-Americans are no longer in that category, but that an army of them have become independent merchants and farmers and contractors, is ignored or overlooked. When the large number in this class are added to the idlers in the towns or cities, who are no longer available as a manual labor force in the agricultural districts, while the demand for such labor has outstripped the natural supply, the labor shortage will be better understood and appreciated. The desertion of Southern farm life by the blacks since the War has not been as general as that of the whites, and the latter had more inducements to remain on the farm than the former. The indisposition of Afro-Americans to labor for others when they can labor for themselves is not only peculiar to all enlightened peoples but is growing more and more so as a determinate force in assisting in the solution of the vexed economic problems which make the status of the race one of so much perplexity and uncertainty; for, at bottom, it will be found, race prejudice and discrimination are based upon the poverty and illiteracy of the people rather than upon color, as such. Take, for example, the life and labor of Warren C. Coleman, of North Carolina, and Samuel Harris, of Virginia. Both of these men started life as slaves, without standing before the law; both died capitalists who had been positive, helpful forces in the place where they stood. They are types of their class. By sheer force of genius

they made a place for themselves which commanded the confidence and respect of the communities in which they lived, and by the example of their lives made life better and easier for their fellows.

The inspiration of a healthy optimism is abroad in the thought and effort of the Afro-American people, who are more disposed to look on the bright than the dark side of life; and this is a sufficient reason for the faith that they will ultimately come into all that is goodly in this land which is theirs, because their forefathers fought its battles in war and felled its forests and developed its fields and mines in peace. The language of discouragement and disparagement constantly employed by writers in the daily and periodical press has its influence upon the thought and effort of the Afro-American people, but it is neutralized by the still, small voice of cheer and commendation used by such strong people as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Prof. John Spencer Bassett, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, Hon. Carl Schurz, and many others, prophets all of the open door of opportunity, and of fair play and no favor.

OUR NOBLE WOMANHOOD.

BUT it is not alone among Afro-American men that we can look for uplifting efforts which have done and are doing much to inspire confidence in the capacity of the race for high and noble achievement. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Afro-American women have done more than the men to build up the character and fortunes of the race. No race has produced stronger or more helpful women than Charlotte Forten Grimke, Martha B. Briggs, Fannie Jackson Coppin, Josephine Silone

Yates, Lucy Laney, Mary Church Terrell, Rebecca Cox Francis, Margaret Murray Washington, Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin,—and the list could easily be extended. The women of the race have been and are positive factors in the general uplift of the race, not only in the home circle, but in school and college and church work and in efforts to provide homes for the orphans and widows. Much that they have done and are doing has been "unheralded and unsung," but the influence of it is telling in the work of those whose lives they have touched and helped to shape. How far this influence extends cannot be estimated; but, added to the work of the slave mothers, who, in the condition of freedom, sacrificed so much to help to educate their sons and daughters, it makes a chapter of noble sacrifice, devotion and capable service of which any race could be proud. Given a strong womanhood all things are possible to any race. Napoleon Bonaparte appreciated this fact when he declared that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." It is even so; and it has nowhere had more striking exemplification than in the life of the Afro-American people during the past quarter of a century; and this in the face of the horrible fact that the women of no race were ever hedged about by greater difficulties and discouragements than they.

Mrs. Terrell in Berlin

"It is, in respect of diction, a remarkable article on 'Lynching From a Negro's Point of View' which is contributed to the June number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Mrs. Mary Church Terrell," says HARPER'S

WEEKLY of June 18. So it is a remarkable article, more so than the editorial from which we have quoted, for it was based upon facts from which reasonable conclusions were drawn, which is not true of her critic, who did not disdain to "sacrifice truth to make a period round." But we shall not enter into a discussion of the matter here and now. We only wish to show that in the article in the *North American Review* as well as in the editorial on it in *Harper's Weekly*, Mrs. Terrell has demonstrated that she is a woman of strong force; a woman of ripe intelligence and judgment. And this is re-enforced by the information furnished, in special correspondence from Berlin, Germany, by Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, in reviewing the work of the International Congress of Women. Mrs. Terrell had been invited to address this great body, representing the highest and best in the womanhood of the world, and she was able to deliver her address in the English, the German and French languages. This fact, with her splendid presence and native eloquence, captured the Congress. Mrs. Harper says, very truly, that Mrs. Terrell's triumph was not only a triumph for her but for her race as well. No higher service for the race could be rendered at this time than that which Mrs. Terrell rendered in going to Berlin and in the preparedness with which she was able to address the Congress. The great truth is enforced in this instance, as in all others, that—

"The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

And so the race, in all lines that make

for national strength, in "high thinking and right living," is holding its own in the terrific competition which makes the present the most intense, the most critically exacting period in the cycle of æons. There is a dark side to the picture. And what race has no dark side? We have our criminals and paupers and illiterates; bequeathed to us by the white man, who robbed us of two centuries of labor, made ignorance a fact by law, and not only encouraged sexual immorality as a source of filthy gain but took a hand in it himself to satisfy his beastly passions, filling the land with some three million people he is too cowardly to own as relations and too depraved to respect for resenting his cowardice!

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

THE Presidential campaign is upon us again. It has not come too soon, because it is good for the preservation of our republican form of government that elective officials should have short tenures and that the people to whom they are responsible should have frequent opportunity to express their approval or disapproval of men and measures at the ballot-box. And the right to vote, which carries with it the right to be voted for, is the very highest which a man can have and exercise in a government. Those who make light of this right, and many there are, are worthy to be slaves and not free men; and those who maintain that it is not a right but a privilege under the Federal Constitution, and would abridge or deny the right, for other reasons than the Constitution provides, are dangerous men, more oligarchical than republican in their political

opinions, and are often strong enough to threaten the existence of the government. Of this sort were the Southern slaveholders, and their sympathizers in the North and West, who forced the Civil War on the country; of this sort are the Southern Democratic marlpots of to-day, and their Northern and Western sympathizers, who have striven to destroy the results of the Civil War, as represented in the last three amendments to the Constitution, and who may create another crisis in American history which it may require a civil war to settle.

Hamilton and Jefferson

There have been but two sets of principles in the politics of the Republic since its foundation. The principles of Alexander Hamilton, the greatest constructive statesman the country has had, have dominated the policy of the Government for the greater period, and done most to determine its fiscal policy. Hamilton believed in raising revenue to run the Government by indirect taxation, such as a tariff on imports and internal revenue measures, paid in the first instance by the manufacturer; because by this method the people would not feel the tax, as they paid it in such a way that a majority of them would not really know that they were being taxed,—any more than the field laborer knows that he pays the taxes on the proprietor's land as well as the interest on the capital required to run his farming business. Hamilton believed in a centralized government; he had no faith in the theory of State's Rights, which John C. Calhoun and his school reduced to an absurdity, and Daniel Webster pilloried for all time as an impossibility in our system of government; he had no faith in what are

called the common people, or in their ability to conduct the affairs of the Government by a wise and judicious selection of their administrators. In this latter phase of the system of administration formulated by him only has time discredited the wisdom of Hamilton. The common people have demonstrated that they are better custodians of their rights and liberties than the privileged few who have in other ages and governments dominated the affairs of the masses; that is, the masses in this country have shown that they do not need the classes to govern them—they govern the classes.

Thomas Jefferson, on the contrary, was opposed to all of the theories advocated by Hamilton. He was what the Greeks called a Demagogue—a man who appealed to and relied upon the masses of the people, and who professed to disdain the classes. Jefferson was a man of great ability and of broad sympathies; but his theories of taxation and fear of centralization of the powers of government to the disadvantage of the several States have not been accepted by the American people, for the most part, in their past history, and the policy of the Government has become so fixed in law, precedent and prescription as to make it reasonable to suppose that there will be no radical change from it in the future. In fact, the party which professes Jefferson as its patron saint has become to be regarded, and to be, a party of what we may term negation, depending for success upon opportunism; lacking in the essential element of constructive administrative ethics, it thrives only on the mistakes of its opponents. That is the position of the Democratic party to-day; that has been the history of the Demo-

cratic party for sixty years past ; that will be, possibly, the history of the Democratic party a thousand years hence, as it has never shown that it has the knack of forgetting anything or of learning anything—a sort of political Ephraim joined to his idols.

The Republican party has nominated as candidates for the Presidency Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana. The Democratic party has nominated Alton Brooks Parker, of New York, and Henry Gasaway Davis, of West Virginia.

The Platform

The Republicans in their platform demand a reduction of representation in Congress and the Electoral College, if investigation shall prove that citizens are disfranchised for reasons prohibited by the Federal Constitution, presumably, "on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." The Democrats in their platform deprecate the revival of the race issue in politics,—a very queer position for a party to take which lives and thrives only by reason of the race issue, with which it menaced and robbed the aggregate electorate before the War of the Rebellion, under the Slave Constitution, and is robbing it now, under the amended Constitution, simply because the leaders of the Republican party have not challenged their right to do so. The Republican party declares that the Philippine islands shall remain a part of the Federal territory, while the Democratic party declares that they should be restored to the Filipino people. There is no change in the attitude of the two parties on the tariff question, while on the trust question the Democrats go farther in the matter of

regulating and controlling them than the Republicans, but the trusts have shown that they are strong enough to control the legislation of both parties.

The Gold Standard

A dramatic situation was created when the Democratic convention, after a fierce fight in committee, decided not to mention the money question in their platform, whereas the Republican convention reaffirmed its adherence to the gold standard of money value, and Judge Parker notified the convention that he favored the gold standard and was willing to decline the nomination, which had been made in his favor, if a majority of the convention felt that it was best that he do so. Then there was presented the extraordinary spectacle of the opportunist Democratic party, which had twice in the past two Presidential elections made free silver the shibboleth of party faith and been defeated on the issue, declaring that the views of the candidate on that question did not matter, as the money question was not regarded as an issue. Will the voters of the country take that view of the matter? Hardly. The attitude of the Democratic party on that question for twelve years past, and the fact that the silver Democrats, under the leadership of William J. Bryan were able to defeat the effort to adopt a gold standard plank in the committee and in the convention, will convince the voters that the Democrats regard the question as being not an issue because they were afraid to make an issue of it. The last platform declaration of the Democratic party, that of 1900, on the money question was one in favor of free silver ; and in the absence of any other expression that declaration must stand as the posi-

tion of the Democratic party. The question is not materially affected because the candidate has declared that he is out of sympathy with the masses of the Democratic party; it emphasizes rather the fact that the Democratic party is negative and opportunist, that it is willing to resort to stultification, subterfuge, hypocrisy, anything, to win, and that a party so opinionated is not safe to be trusted with the destiny of the Republic. This is likely to be the verdict of the Federal electorate.

Democratic Party Distrusted

But, over and above the omission to make any declaration whatever on the money question, the general distrust with which the country has come to regard the pronounced but veiled domination of the Southern wing of the Democratic party in all matters of party policy, will prove the greatest obstacle to success which Judge Parker will have to overcome. Southern Democrats have no fixed principles; they are political Hessians, and will not hesitate to pay any price for victory, which they have always abused when they have got it. Their attitude of opposition to the War Amendments and of keeping alive the issue of race antagonism, purely for political effect and selfish advantage, unnecessarily irritates the Nation and keeps imminent in the public mind apprehension of excess of some sort on their part which may precipitate another crisis in the affairs of the Republic, if they imag-

ine they can win by it, just as their slave ancestors did, in 1860.

Human Rights

President Roosevelt has made his record on the question of human rights, and in doing it provoked all the venom which lurks habitually in the fangs of those who believe that the War of the Rebellion was fought in vain and that Afro-Americans should be slaves or pariahs in the body politic, without the pale of citizenship, to be governed by a body of special laws as infamous and degrading as the Slave Code. What Judge Parker thinks on this question of human rights nobody knows, or is likely to know, before the election, as his Southern creators and masters would make short work of him if he dared to speak as he must think and feel on this question, even as they did in other days, in the case of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and Stephen A. Douglas, and even as they whipped Grover Cleveland into disclaiming that he ever did, while President, one generous and noble action in favor of his Afro-American fellow-citizens. They who serve the Southern Democratic master are slaves indeed, and are perpetually scourged with many stripes in their consciences, if so be it that they have any.

Human rights is an issue in American politics which will remain such as long as the National Southern Democratic party seeks to engraft upon our Republican institutions the outlawed theory that "black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect."

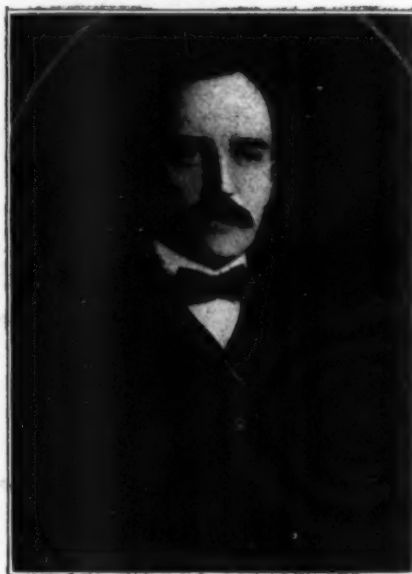


ARMSTRONG MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

BY DR. WILLIAM BRUCE EVANS

THE Armstrong Manual Training School of Washington was established by the Board of Education in September, 1902. Previous to this time the only opportunity offered for the secondary training of the colored youth of the city was through the Academic High School, which prepared pupils for entrance into the Normal School of the city, and in some instances, for entrance into college. The fact that only about half of those receiving the two years of Normal Training could hope for appointment in the local graded schools, leaving many with a purely academic training for whose use no opportunity presented itself, coupled with a strong desire on the part of parents and pupils for a training having a more marketable value, may be said to be the chief reasons for its establishment. At the same time, the McKinley Manual Training School for white boys and girls, with a course of study identical with the Armstrong School, both under the direction of Mr. John A. Chamberlain, was launched.

The building, an imposing three story structure, of Milwaukee brick and stone, has a frontage on P street of 225 feet, with a depth of 115 feet. On either side are small plots of ground, subdivided upon the European school-garden plan and used for experiments in applied biology. On the upper floor may be found the physical and chemical laboratories, free-hand and mechanical draw-

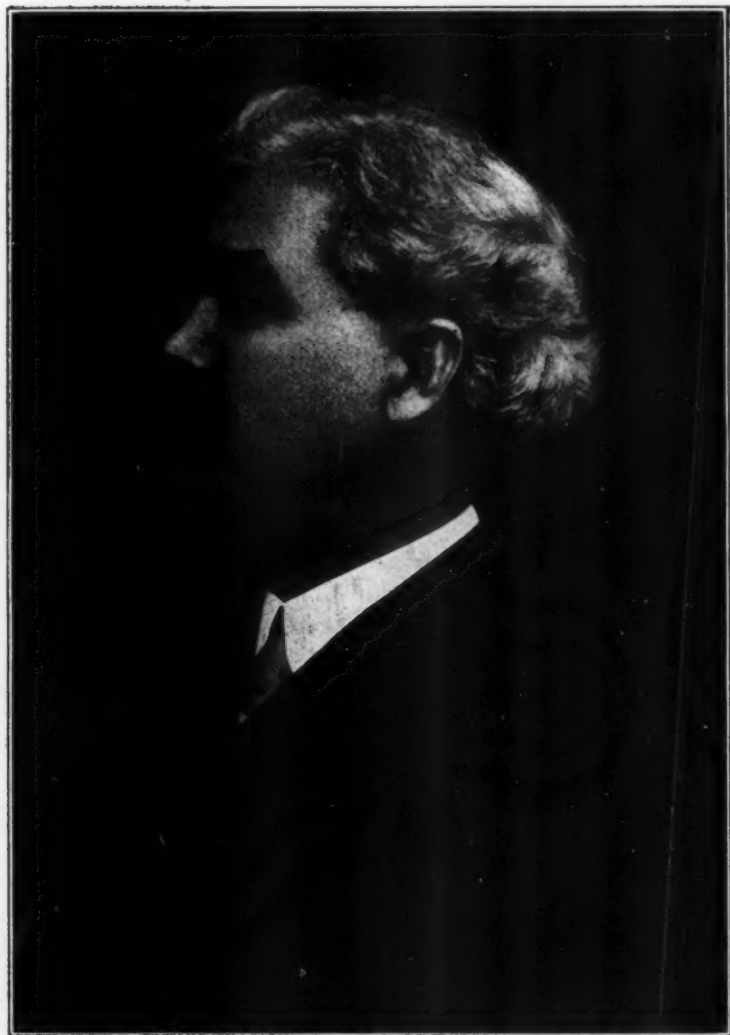


MR. J. A. CHAMBERLAIN
Director of Manual Training

ing rooms, the second floor being devoted to class rooms and to the cooking laboratory. The first floor front is given up to class-rooms, the rear housing the blacksmith and machine shops, the foundry, carpenter, wood turning and pattern making shops, the plain sewing, dressmaking and millinery departments.

The basement is occupied by the power plant, consisting of a 37 K. W. direct connected American Ball generator, and a 35 K. W. Westinghouse compound machine of the same type. Two 75 H. P. Heine Safety Boilers, equipped with Acme Stokers, furnish steam for power and heating.

The total cost of the building is



DR. WILLIAM BRUCE EVANS
Principal Armstrong Manual Training School

\$178,800, of which \$38,800 is for equipment, all appropriated by the Congress of the United States, with an annual appropriation of nearly \$40,000 for the salaries of teachers and the purchase of supplies.

Four distinct courses, covering two and four years, are offered. The two year manual training course is intended to meet the needs of those students who cannot afford to remain in school for a longer period, and with special emphasis on the manual training side, aim to equip the student for some useful activity. It must not be supposed that the academic work required in this course is in any degree insufficient, as the students receive carefully graded training in English, mathematics, physics, chemistry and drawing, in addition to the work in cooking, sewing and shopwork.

The graduates of this course outnumber those of the other departments, constituting about one-half of the whole number. Although only two classes have been graduated, we find almost all of them employed in a variety of remunerative situations. Two are student assistants in the United States Department of Agriculture, four are teaching in the rural schools of Maryland, supplementing the regular work of their schools by work in cooking and sewing, two are lady's maids, two are cooks; a number are engaged in sewing at day's work by some of our leading families and dress-makers, while others have started establishments for themselves.

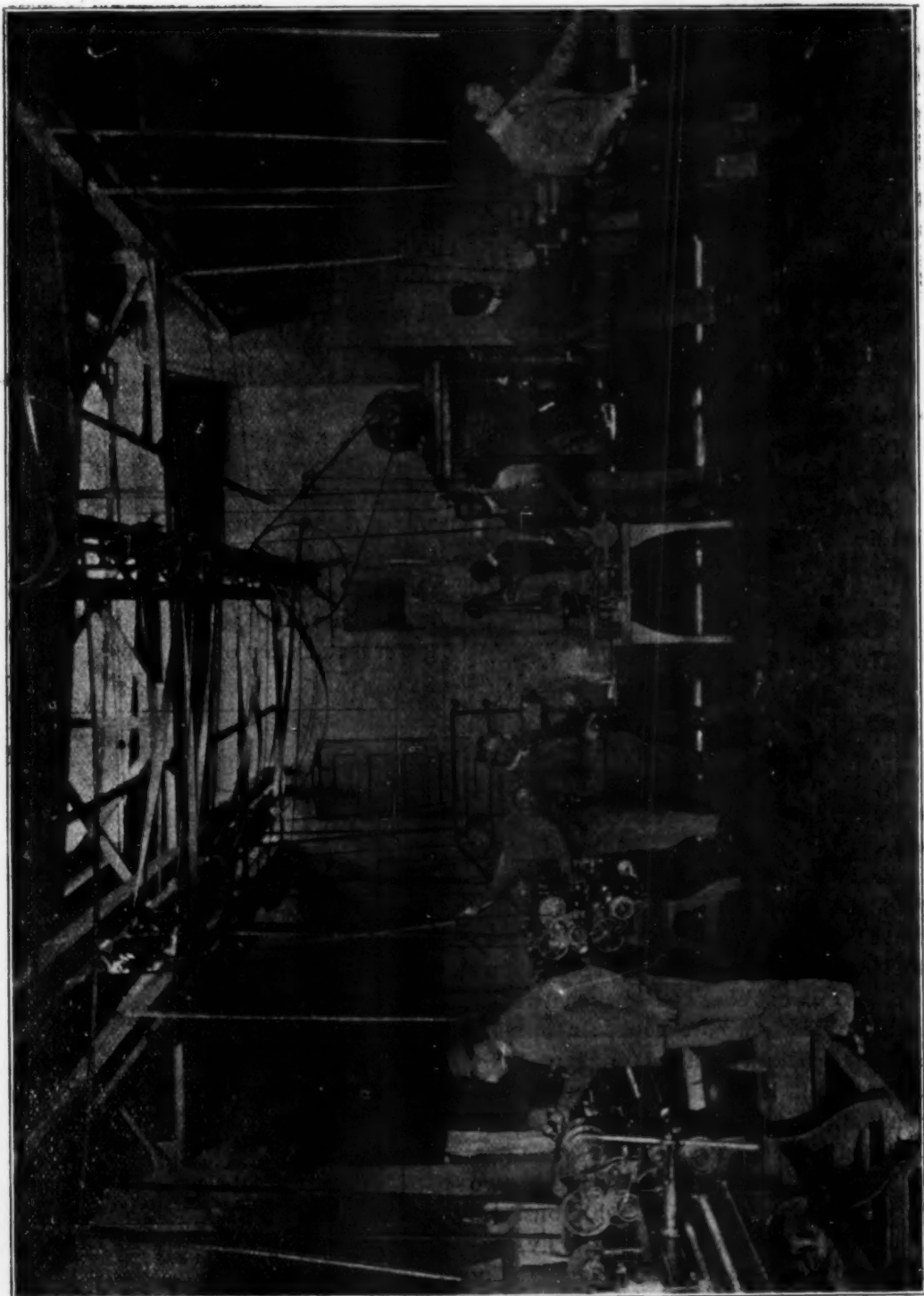
The Business Course offers a two year's training in English, business arithmetic, commercial geography, history and law, book-keeping, stenography and typewriting. Its graduates are meet-

ing with very encouraging success in finding employment among the business men of the city, both colored and white. Eight are employed by our professional men in this city, three do stenography for lawyers, often appearing in court, one of the latter having an office of his own; one is a messenger clerk to the Board of Children's Guardians, two are messengers in the War Department, several are printers' assistants in the United States Engraving Bureau, won by Civil Service examination; two teach school, one is stenographer in a white office in Watertown, N. Y., and two are employed as teachers of the subject in West Virginia and Missouri. The following letter from one of the largest real estate firms, which employs one of the graduates from this department, indicates the general efficiency of all:



MRS. J. R. FRANCIS

Chairman Committee on Industrial Education and
Special Instruction, Board of Education



SCENE AT ARMSTRONG MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 6, 1904.

Dr. W. BRUCE EVANS,
Principal A. M. T. S.,

DEAR SIR :—

We take this means of expressing our appreciation for your kind favor in recommending one of your graduates, Miss Susie R. Hamilton, as clerk for our firm. We have found Miss Hamilton willing, obliging, and especially neat, clean and accurate in her work. Her services are entirely satisfactory, and in our judgment, she reflects much credit upon the work of Armstrong Manual Training School, and its able and efficient corps of teachers.

Respectfully,

KING, LANKFORD & NEILL.

One four year course prepares for admission to the Normal School and includes German, solid geometry and biology ; in fact, all the academic work of the High School, plus technical training. It is interesting to note that with the establishment of this school many students left the Academic High School and enrolled themselves in this department. The few who have graduated are engaged, one as head teacher at the Hart Farm School, one as lady's maid, one as a machinist's helper, the only colored one in the shop, and two are pursuing a course of Civil Engineering in the University of Michigan.

The other four year course substitutes physics or chemistry or extra technical training in some line for biology and music and prepares for entrance into technical schools of college grade or for practical work in mechanical pursuits. Pupils are admitted to these courses only upon the certificate of eighth grade

teachers stating that they have satisfactorily completed the work of the grammar schools. There are, however, admitted to the school as special students, young men and women who have seemingly reached their mental fullness and who are permitted to specialize in some one branch of manual activity. These special students not only include those who have failed to make the required average in mental work in the grades, but in some instances are graduates of the Academic High School and the Normal school who, finding themselves utterly unable to answer the call that opportunity makes, come to be prepared to do some useful thing. All of these receive one period each day of English training and of such other academic subject as will best articulate with the special manual subject being pursued.

It is thought by some that the standard of the school may be lowered by the admission of such students, but it has not been our experience. The course is not ideal as reckoned by those of academic schools, but it is far better than doing nothing for them, infinitely preferable to a sociological study of them as failures. In one special department young men are trained in the management and care of steam plants and machinery. Within the last two years seven young men trained as special students in this department have passed the Board of Steam Engineers' examination for the District of Columbia, and are employed at salaries ranging from ten dollars a week to three dollars a day. When we compare three of these young men running hoisting engines on the Union Station Construction at three dollars a day with what might have been



SCENE AT ARMSTRONG MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

had they continued to roam the streets, we have at once evidence that such training is worth while.

The following letter from a lady who employed one of our special students is typical of many received.

2433 Grandin Road, May 26, 1904.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DR. EVANS,

DEAR SIR :—I wish to thank you for recommending to me Miss Lillian Johnson, who has as seamstress, done some very satisfactory work for me. Should I have the opportunity, I shall be very glad to recommend her to others. I hope she will succeed in her work, and that she will always do her work as thoroughly as she has this time. Allow me to tell you that the work you and your co-workers are doing at the Training School has my warmest sympathy and best wishes. I only hope that, when I am in Washington sometime for a longer period, I shall be able to lend a helping hand in some way or other.

Sincerely yours, CLARA DULON.

Filled with the spirit of trying to do something for those less fortunate than themselves, the special students and members of the graduating class have on Saturdays introduced cooking, sewing and manual training into five of the country schools of Maryland and Virginia. At two of these places, Wheaton and Brentwood, the parents and friends of the schools have taxed themselves to support this work, and as a result have continued the school term from March to June. A very encouraging feature of this extension work has been the interest aroused among the white people of the community for a longer term and better equipped teachers in these colored schools. This has been and is being accomplished as a result of offering manual training as a secondary education for our youth in the nation's capital. The school is striving to attain to the prophecy of its friend, Booker T. Washington, who predicted in his address at its dedication that it would become a most useful adjunct in the uplift of an undeveloped people.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY ROBERT H. TERRELL

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is one of the great "Men of Our Times."

He is great because he is a champion of human rights, great because he is a friend of the oppressed, great because he is generous and just. In the annals of events the muse of history will tell how this remarkable man, this advocate of universal liberty, strove to make effective and bring to a triumphant issue all that his great predecessor and prototype, Abraham Lincoln, planned for the people whose chains he broke. We are too close to his efforts to do them justice now. The influence, however, of his activity in behalf of a race young in opportunity, and without prestige in any particular walk of life, has already made a profound impression upon the thoughtful men of our day and generation. The high moral superiority of the man is carrying conviction with it, and it is bound to conquer in the great battle which he is waging for mankind.

It was the good fortune of Theodore Roosevelt to be well born, well reared, and well educated. We applaud the men who, though born to toil and hardened in the school of necessity, surmount all obstacles and recruit the energies of the nation by taking a place among those who control its destinies. Yet, we instinctively feel that he who comes into the world with a pedigree and enjoys the advantage of wealth and education should, somehow, have a right of way that we do not readily concede to the man not so favored by the fates, our

vauntings about the equality of man and the common rights of citizens to the contrary notwithstanding.

Although Roosevelt is a scion of a family that represents all that is best in thrift, in breeding, in culture and in wealth, he has never allowed any thought of rank to turn him from a life of study and toil. He was never deceived by the gloss of what is generally known as a social career. He early recognized the dangers in it for a man of ambition and ideals. When he was not roughing it in the West with cowboys he was studying the history of men and events in his palatial home in the East. Thus he prepared himself in body and mind for the direction of the great affairs of State which now constantly engage his attention and demand the best thought of the clearest mind.

It often happens that some one event in a man's life gives direction to his future career in a way entirely different from that which he had planned. Suddenly and unexpectedly the opportunity, the occasion and the man meet. All of his purposes, all of his dreams, all of his labors and all of his deeds, the accumulation of years, are merged into one particular circumstance so startling, so daring and so important, that the world forgets his steady, honest, consistent work which, in reality, has been silently preparing the pedestal for the stupendous superstructure that appears to have been erected all in a day.

So it was with Colonel Roosevelt and

his achievements at San Juan Hill. And, yet, he is not the product of that battle, nor of any other one event. He is the logical result of his career as a student at Harvard College, a member of the Legislature of his State, Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Soldier, Governor; and, above all, he is the inevitable product of systematic, intelligent, well directed, hard work. A high ideal, honesty of purpose, iron impartiality in his dealings with men, diligent application to every task he has ever undertaken, built for him a foundation on which it is easy to place an enduring temple of fame. It would be a great injustice to a character like his to attempt to rob it of the elements through which it has been developing for years, and rest it alone on what was done at San Juan Hill—however great may have been the accomplishment there.

Ever since he began his public career Mr. Roosevelt has been known as a reformer. If the word "reformer" means giving other men a square deal and endeavoring to serve the State to the best of one's ability, he deserves the characterization in its fullest sense. For he has never been placed in a position where wrong ran riot that he did not try to correct it and make right rule in its place. As a member of the legislature his fearless stand for honest government and his dauntless courage in fighting corruption, made him, though but a stripling, just out of college, a National character. As president of the board of the United States Civil Service Commissioners, he would tolerate no favoritism, either in appointments or promotions in the clerical force of the government.

whenever and wherever the jurisdiction of his department gave him the slightest excuse for interference. He knew no man by his color or race, but only by his character, brains and qualifications for work at hand.

In writing of Theodore Roosevelt it seems almost an affront to his rugged honesty and blameless integrity to refer particularly to his attitude on the subject of colored men in office. I do not believe that the matter gave him any thought or concern in the beginning of his life at the Nation's capital. He simply approached it along the broad lines of manhood rights. God had endowed him with a soul too great to allow itself to be contaminated and warped by prejudice for or against a man on account of his complexion.

When he took up his work as Civil Service Commissioner he began the study of his office with characteristic diligence and thoroughness. In his investigation as to the representation of the various States of the Union in the clerical force of the Federal Government he discovered that the Southern States did not begin to have in the Washington departments their quota. On his motion examinations were held in the larger cities of the South for the purpose of changing this state of affairs, if possible. Notices were so given of these tests that colored young men of scholastic training eagerly sought an opportunity to take them. Hundreds of them passed the examinations, and many at the very head of the lists. Through the influence of Mr. Roosevelt large numbers of them were designated for appointments, and most of them are still in the service, the recipients of handsome salaries, and they have become

well-to-do men. The president of the Commission watched with unusual solicitude the career of this new element of colored men, the products of post-bellum days. In the annual report of the Commission, in 1890, their efficiency was commended in terms of the warmest praise. I speak of this at some length to show the real spirit of President Roosevelt relative to colored men in office. What he has done and said about them since he has been the Nation's Chief Executive is no new propaganda, so far as he is concerned, nor is it the offspring of a selfish ambition. When this great and good and just man writes of the "door of hope" for the colored American, he is simply reiterating a doctrine which he has always cherished,

and one altogether consistent with his deep sense of right and equity.

What is said and done by President Roosevelt must necessarily overshadow in public notice what was done and said by Mr. Roosevelt, Civil Service Commissioner, however great and important it was. To estimate properly this man's attitude touching matters in which colored men have a deep and special interest his whole career must be considered. And how gratifying it is to every colored man to feel that the President of the United States is his friend in truth—one who is not only willing to say a word in his behalf, but who has the courage to act in his behalf, when the occasion demands it!

THE SHEPHERD'S EVENING SONG

BY JESSIE FORTUNE

BEHOLD! the moon with balmy light,
Comes at the call of gentle Night;
The fading radiance in the West
Proclaims the sun has gone to rest.
Farewell, dear trees and crags and peaks
And Nature, that so sweetly speaks
In gentle whispers through the day!
Oh, come my lambs, away!

And when, at dawn, his task begun,
With fiery eloquence, the sun,
Tells mortals, who are then asleep,
That now their vigils they must keep,
Once more we'll to these mountains hie,
The lovelier for the night gone by,—
For dews, at night, their ills allay;
So, come, my lambs, away!

the only good line in the piece

MINISTERIAL COURTESY

I

I WISH to discourse here on "Ministerial Courtesy," or, in other words, ministerial good-manners and kindness of heart—a subject on which I believe the Holy Bible touches when it says: "Be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." [Romans, 12, x.]

If you ask me for other Scripture references: I would cite I Thessalonians, 4, ix-x. "But as touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write to you; for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another. * * * * But we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more." Also Hebrews 13, i-iii: "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for, thereby, some have entertained angels unawares." "Remember them that are in bonds as being yourselves also in the body."

Again: In the first chapter of his second epistle, Peter exhorts the early saints to add to "godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you," he says, "and abound they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"But he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from the old sins."

With these strong scriptural injunctions before us it would seem that there

is little need of a paper, or, rather, many papers, on the subject of "Ministerial Courtesy." Indeed, the flagrant discourtesies between minister and minister cannot be too strongly nor too often spoken of; for ministers are influential leaders of the race; and their conduct is not only copied by the older members of their congregations, but it forms character among the young people, who look upon the ministers as models of propriety.

In the first place, there are two classes of ministers who merit, and who generally receive courteous treatment from the community in which they live; and, as a rule, from all who meet them. This is not always true, however, with their ministerial brethren. I refer to our aged ministers, and also to our able younger ones, for whom a proper showing of respect on the part of other ministers would add to the dignity of the profession.

Gray hairs are honorable. Jehovah himself is sometimes referred to as the "Ancient of Days." And when I see some little, young Johnnie-jump-up of a preacher, half developed, giving "big talk" and "back talk" to one of the venerable Fathers in Israel, I feel, to say the least, that the young man has been very poorly raised. The Scriptures say: "Rebuke not an elder;" and "Honor thy father and thy mother." I am aware that the "elder" here referred to means an officer of the church, and not an aged minister; and that the father referred to is one's blood kin. But, surely, if we

are not to rebuke any elder—"bishop" or "preacher,"—surely we are not to rebuke, nor be discourteous to an aged man of God; and surely we are to revere our spiritual fathers.

Proper respect should be shown, too, for our men of prominence. I know that we Baptist ministers are all equals—officially; but character and achievement stand for something in this world; and we ministers will unconsciously lift the race to a higher plane of thought when we shall have reached a point where we can realize that the superior mental equipment of a brother minister naturally entitles him to certain social considerations and fits him for some positions for which all of us are not prepared.

But, on the other hand, it is also frequently the case that our older ministers—because they are old—assume the authority to dictate to, and to chastise younger ministers, simply because they are older than their brethren. A man is not necessarily a fool, nor does it argue that he is always inexperienced because he is young. Abel was younger than Cain; but he was by far the better man, in every respect, save in that of brute strength. And Cain, taking advantage of this fact, killed his unoffending brother. David was the youngest son of Jesse; but he was the greatest son. And the elder brothers of Joseph were compelled to bow down to their little brother whom they once sold. Let us beware how we treat our young brethren in the ministry. Some day they will grow up; and we may have to bow to them.

II.

There are two other classes of minis-

ters who deserve a righteous rebuke: They are the big preachers with big heads, and the little preachers with thick heads. The first named character is the big Negro preacher who has succeeded—that is, he has a fine church—and has shut up his soul against his less fortunate brother, forgetful of the fact that the Bible has already taken his measure when it says: "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shuteth up his bowels of compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" But this big, modern Pharisee is not troubled about God's cause. He is looking after his own interests. He wears the best clothing; his linen is immaculate; he boasts of his education—a sure sign that he has but little; he uses big words he is pompous, boastful, blustering, over-bearing, and often insulting; and he is always busy—O, so busy! too busy to do his Master's work. In fact, he has forsaken his Master's business and is following "No. 1," and has set himself up on a pinnacle to to be worshipped, like the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar. Let such an one remember that "pride goeth before destruction."

The little preacher with the thick head is a general nuisance. He has a little charge somewhere on the outskirts of God's creation; and, knowing his own inability to hold even that, he is always beseeching some stronger man to come and help him. When you go, he fails to meet you at the depot, and leave you to blunder your way as best you can up to his little "ramshackled" church. He introduces you to the people without telling them your name, saying: "Dis hyeah bruddah will now preach for us."

Before you are half through your sermon he is jealous of you, and you are lucky if he does not re-preach your sermon, insult you, and send you away empty. Yet, I believe that such a man is called of God, but "called" to white-wash and not to preach.

But even worse than he, is the ministerial jackal who, on the strength of the "cloth," enters your pulpit uninvited; re-preaches your sermon, slipping in several sly criticisms upon you; sings, "Ma Soul Wants Somethin' Dat's New," and, in fact, tries to make himself pastor without leave or license. And, though you may forgive him, when you reflect that he has probably been a long time hungry, he is a dangerous type, and should be frowned down, fed, converted, and assisted to his proper vocation of coal-heaving.

But there is a worse man even than he. It is the gifted hypocrite who comes to your charge as your friend, and upon your invitation, and who, while he treats you with the most suave courtesy, is slyly pulling wires to get you out and himself in. He is of the Brutus type to whom great Cæsar said, "Et tu!"

But what shall we do? Shall we say with David, "All men are liars," and trust nobody? No! Have a larger faith in humanity, trust in God, do right, be charitable at all times, and fear nothing. All men are not liars. David spoke in haste, and tells us so. The Lord God of hosts, throned in His cloudy tabernacle in immaculate glory, has on the earth, his footstool, a mighty army which has not bowed the knee to Baal, men and women who are the friends of God, as Abraham was; who walk

with God, as Enoch did; who stretch their rods of faith over Red Seas of Trouble, and they divide. There are ministerial brethren of whom I believe that heaven and earth should pass away before they would be guilty of an ungentlemanly or ungenerous act.

In conclusion, let me urge that you remember that it is ungentlemanly to enter another man's pulpit uninvited; that it is ungentlemanly to re-preach his sermon, and the man who does this writes himself down as not being a gentleman; that no gentlemen will invite a brother to preach for him without offering him suitable reward, and in every way looking after his comfort while he is his guest; that an invitation to preach does not carry with it the authority to assume pastoral functions. The invited minister is simply expected to preach. He is not to announce a hymn, nor publish an entertainment, without the permission of the pastor in charge (not even at a funeral service) and, under no circumstances will he make any public criticisms on his host—if he is a gentleman. When all ministerial brethren learn to be more gentlemanly to each other, oh! how much sweeter then will sound that blessed psalm of David: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard—even Aaron's beard that went down to the skirts of his garments.

"As the dews of Hermon, and as the dews that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing—even Life forevermore."

THE HOUR AND THE MAN

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU

CHAPTER VII.

THE ACT.

PAPALIER was probably the only person in the valley who did not attend mass on this saint's-day morning. The Spanish general was early seen, surrounded by his staff, moving toward the rising ground, outside the camp, on which stood the church, erected for the use of the troops when the encampment was formed. The soldiers, both Spanish and Negro, had some time before filed out of their tents, and been formed for their short march; and they now came up in order, the whites approaching on the right, and the blacks on the left, till their forces joined before the church. The sun had not yet shone down into the valley, and the dew lay on the grass, and dropped like rain from the broad eaves of the church-roof—from the points of the palm leaves with which it was thatched.

The church was a little more than a covered inclosure. It was well shaded from the heat of the sun by its broad and low roof; but between the corner posts, the sides could hardly be said to be filled in by the bamboos, which stood like slender columns, at intervals of several inches, so that all that passed within could be seen from without, except that the vestry and the part behind the altar had their walls interwoven with withes, so as to be impervious to the eye. The ground was strewn thick with moss—cushioned throughout for the knees of the worshipers. The seats were rude

wooden benches, except the chair, covered with damask, which was reserved for the Marquis d'Hermona.

Here the general took his place, his staff ranging themselves on the benches behind. Jean Francais entered after him and seated himself on the opposite range of benches. Next followed Toussaint Breda, alone, having left his sons outside with the soldiers. Some few more advanced toward the altar; it being understood that those who did so wished to communicate. An interval of a few empty benches was then left, and the lower end of the church was thronged by such of the soldiery as could find room; the rest closing in round the building, so as to hear the voice of the priest and join in the service.

There was a gay air about the assemblage, scarcely subdued by the place and the occasion which brought them to it. Almost every man carried a stem of the amaryllis, plucked from among the high grass, with which it grew thickly intermixed all over the valley; and beautiful to the eye were the snowy, drooping blossoms, contrasting with the rich dark green of their leaves. Some few brought twigs of the orange and the lime; and the sweet odor of the blossoms pervaded the place like a holy incense, as the first stirring airs of the morning breathed around and through the building. There were smiles on almost every face; and a hum of low, but joyful greetings was heard without, till the loud voice of the priest, reciting the Creed, hushed every

other. The only countenance of great seriousness present was that of Toussaint; and his bore an expression of solemnity, if not of melancholy, which struck every one who looked upon him—and he always was looked upon by every one; his personal qualities had strongly attracted the attention of the Spanish general. Jean Francais watched his every movement with the mingled triumph and jealousy of a superior in rank, but a rival in fame; and by the Negro troops he was so beloved, that nothing but the strict discipline he enforced could have prevented their following him in crowds wherever he went. Whenever he smiled, as he passed along in conversation, they laughed without inquiring why; and now this morning, on observing the gravity of his countenance, they glanced from one to another, as if to inquire the cause.

The priest, having communicated, at length descended from before the altar, to administer the water to such as desired to receive it. Among these, Toussaint bent his head lowest; so low, that the first slanting sunbeam that entered beneath the thatch seemed to rest upon his head, while every other head remained in the shadow of the roof. In after days, the Negroes then present, recalled his appearance. Jean Francais, observing that General Hermona was making some remark about Toussaint to the officers about him, endeavored to assume an expression of devotion also, but in vain. No one thought of saying of him what the general was at that moment saying of his brother in arms: "God could not visit a soul more pure."

When the blessing had been given, and the few concluding verses of Scrip-

ture read, the general was the first to leave the place. It seemed as if he and Toussaint moved toward one another by the same impulse, for they met in the aisle between the benches.

"I have a few words of business to speak with you, general; a work of justice to ask you to perform without delay," said Toussaint.

"Good!" said the general. "In justice there should be no delay. I will therefore breakfast with you in your tent. Shall we proceed?"

He put his arm within that of Toussaint, who, however, gently withdrew his, and stepped back with a profound bow of respect. General Hermona looked as if he scarcely knew whether to take this as an act of humility or to be offended; but he smiled on Toussaint's saying,

"It is not without reasons that I decline honor in this place this morning—reasons which I will explain. Shall I conduct you to my tent? And these gentlemen of your staff?"

"As we have business, my friend, I will come alone. I shall be sorry if there is any quarrel between us, Toussaint. If you have to ask justice of me, I declare to you I know not the cause."

"It is not for myself, general, that I ask justice. I have ever received from you more than justice."

"You have attached your men to yourself with singular skill," said the general, on their way down the slope from the church, as he closely observed the countenances of the black soldiers, which brightened, as if touched by the sunlight, on the approach of their commander. "Their attachment to you is singular. I no longer wonder at your

achievements in the field."

"It is by no skill of mine," replied Toussaint; it is by the power of past tyranny. The hearts of the Negroes are made to love. Hitherto, all love in which the mind could share has been bestowed upon those who degraded and despised them. In me they see one whom, while obeying, they may love as a brother."

"The same might be said of Jean Francais, as far as your reasons go; but Jean Francais is not beloved like you. He looks gayer than you, my friend, notwithstanding. He is happy in his new rank, probably. You have heard that he is ennobled by the court of Spain?"

"I had not heard it. It will please him."

"It evidently does. He is made a noble; and his military rank is that of lieutenant-general. Your turn will come next, my friend; and if promotion went strictly according to personal merit, no one would have been advanced sooner than you."

"I do not desire promotion, and—"

"Ah! there your stoical philosophy comes in. But I will show you another way of applying it. Rank brings cares; so that one who is not a stoic may have an excuse for shrinking from it; but a stoic despises cares. Ha! we have some young soldiers here," he said, as Moyse and his cousins stood beside the way to make their obeisance; "and very perfect soldiers they look, young as they are. They seem born for military service."

"They were born slaves, my lord; but they have now the loyal hearts of free-men within them, amidst the ignorance

and follies of their youth."

"They are—"

"My nephew and my two sons, my lord."

"And why mounted at this hour?"

"They are going to their homes, by my direction."

"If it were not that you have business with me, which I suppose you desire them not to overhear—"

"It is as you say, general."

"If it had not been so, I would have requested that they might be at our table this morning. As it is, I will not delay their journey."

And the general touched his hat to the lads, with a graciousness which made them bend low their uncovered heads, and report marvels at home of the deportment of the Marquis d'Hermona. Seeing how their father was occupied, they were satisfied with a grasp of his hand as he passed, received from him a letter for their mother, and waited only till he and his guest had disappeared within the tent to gallop off. They wondered at being made the bearers of a letter, as they knew that his horse was ordered to be ready beside his tent immediately after breakfast, and had not a doubt of his arriving at the shore almost as soon as themselves.

Papalier was lounging on the couch beside the table where breakfast was spread when General Hermona and his host entered. He started up, casting a look of doubt upon Toussaint.

"Fear nothing, M. Papalier," said Toussaint; General Hermona has engaged to listen to my plea for justice. My Lord, M. Papalier was amicably received by your lordship on crossing the frontier, and, on the strength of your

welcome, has remained on the island till too late to escape, without your especial protection—a fate he dreads.”

“You mean being delivered up as a republican?”

“Into the hands of my own Negroes, my lord,” said Papalier bitterly. “That is the fate secretly designed for any unfortunate planter who may yet have survived the recent troubles over the frontier.”

“But how can I protect you? The arrangement is none of mine; I can not interfere with it.”

“Only by forgetting in this single instance, the point of time at which we have arrived, and furnishing me with a pass which shall enable me to sail for Europe, as I acknowledge I ought to have done long ago.”

“So this is the act of justice you asked from me, Toussaint! Why did you not say favor? I shall do it with much more pleasure as a slight favor to one whom I strongly regard. You shall have your safe-conduct, M. Papalier. In the meantime—”

And he looked toward the steaming chocolate and piles of fruit on the table as if his appetite was growing urgent.

“One more word, my lord, before offering you my welcome to my table,” said Toussaint. “I beseech you to consider the granting of this pass as an act of justice, or of any thing rather than favor to me. Yesterday I would have accepted a hundred favors from you; to-day, with equal respect, I must refuse even one. I pledge myself to tell you before you rise from table, to which I now invite you.”

“I do not understand all this, Toussaint.”

“I have pledged myself to explain.”

“And you say there is no personal feeling—no offence between us?”

“If any, my lord, I alone am the offender. Will you be pleased to—”

“Oh yes, I will breakfast, and was never more ready. M. Papalier, our morning mass has kept you waiting I fear.”

Papalier seated himself, but was near starting up again when he saw his Negro host preparing to take his place between his two guests. Papalier had never sat at a table with a Negro, and his impulse was to resent the necessity; but a stern look from the General warned him to submit quietly to the usages of the new state of society which he had remained to witness; and he sat through the meal, joining occasionally in the conversation, which, for his sake, was kept clear of subjects which might annoy him.

As soon as the servants, after producing pen, ink, and paper, had withdrawn, the General wrote a safe-conduct, and delivered it to M. Papalier, with an intimation that an attendant should be ready to guide him to the nearest port at his earliest convenience. Papalier understood this as it was meant—as a hint that there must be no delay. He declared, his wish to depart as soon as the heat of the day should decline.

“And now, my lord,” said Toussaint—

“Yes, now for the explanation of this fancy of not receiving kindness from your best friends. Let us hear.”

“I have this morning, my lord, dispatched letters to Don Joachim Garcia at St. Domingo—”

“You are in communication with the colonial government, and not through

me! What can this mean?"

"And here, my lord, are exact copies of my letters, which I request the favor of you to read, and, if I may be permitted to say so, without haste or prejudice—though, in this case, it is much to ask."

Toussaint disappeared in the inner apartment, but not before he saw a smile on Papalier's face; a smile which told of amusement at the idea of a Negro sending dispatches of any importance to the head of the government of the Spanish colony.

The General did not seem to feel any of the same amusement. His countenance was perplexed and anxious. He certainly obeyed Toussaint's wishes as not being in haste; for he read the papers (which were few and short) again and again. He had not laid them down when Toussaint re-appeared from within, no longer glittering in his uniform and polished arms, but dressed in his old plantation clothes, and with his woolen cap in his hand. Both his guests first gazed at him, and then started from their seats.

Toussaint merely passed through the tent, bowing low to the General, and bidding him farewell. A confused noise outside roused Hermona from his astonishment.

"He is addressing the troops!" he cried, drawing his sword and rushing forth.

Toussaint was not addressing the troops. He was merely informing Jacques, whom he had requested to be in waiting there, beside his horse, that he was no longer a commander, no longer in the forces; and that the recent proclamation, by showing him that the cause

of Negro freedom was now one with that of France, was the reason of his present retirement from Spanish territory. He explained himself thus far, in order that he might not be considered a traitor to the lost cause of royalty in France; but, rather, loyal to that of his color, from the first day of its becoming a cause.

Numbers became aware that something unusual was going forward, and were thronging to the spot when the General rushed forth, sword in hand, shouting aloud,

"The traitor! Sieze the traitor! Soldiers! sieze the traitor!"

Toussaint turned in an instant and sprang upon his horse. Not a Negro would lay hands on him; but they cast upon him, in token of honor, the blossoms of the amaryllis and the orange they carried. The Spanish soldiers, however, endeavored to close round him and hem him in, as the General's voice was still heard.

"Sieze him! Bring him in, dead or alive!"

Toussaint, however, was a perfect horseman; and his favorite horse served him well in this crisis. It burst through or bounded over all opposition, and, amidst a shower of white blossoms which strewed the way, instantly carried him beyond the camp. Well-mounted soldiers, and many of them, were behind, however; and it was a hard race between the fugitive and his pursuers, as it was witnessed from the camp. Along the river-bank and over the bridge the danger of Toussaint appeared extreme; and the Negroes, watching the countenance of Jacques, preserved a dead silence when all the horesmen had disappeared in the

woods which clothed the steep. Then all eyes were turned toward the summit of that ridge, where the road crossed a space clear of trees; and there, in an incredibly short time, appeared the solitary horseman, who, unencumbered with heavy arms and lightly clothed, had greatly the advantage of the soldiers in mounting the ascent. He was still followed; but he was just disappearing over the ridge when the foremost soldier issued from the wood behind him.

"He is safe! he is safe! was murmured through the throng; and the words reached the ear of the General in a tone which convinced him that the attachment of the black troops to Toussaint Breda was as strong as he himself had that morning declared it to be.

"Now you see, general," said Papalier, turning into the tent from which he two had come forth in the excitement of the scene, "you see what you have to expect from these Negroes."

"I see what I have to expect from you," replied the General with severity.

It is enough to witness how you speak of a man to whom you owe your life this very day—and not for the first time."

"Nay, General, I have called him no names—not even 'traitor.'"

"I have not owed my life to him, M. Papalier; and you are not the commander of these forces. It is my duty to prevent the defection of the Negro troops; and I therefore used the language of the Government I serve in proclaiming him a traitor. Had it been in mere speculation between him and myself that those papers had come in question, God knows I would have called him something very different."

"There is something in the man that infatuates—that blinds one's judgment, certainly," said Papalier. "His master, Bayou, spoiled him with letting him educate himself to an absurd extent. I always told Bayou so; and there is no saying now what the consequences may be. It is my opinion that we have not heard the last of him yet."

"Probably," said the General, gathering up his papers as his aide entered, and leaving the tent in conversation with him, almost without a farewell notice of Papalier.

The Negro troops were busy, to a man, in learning from Jacques, and repeating to one another, the particulars as to what was in the proclamation, and the reason of Toussaint's departure. General Hermona found that the two remaining black leaders, Jean Francias and Biasson, were not infected by Toussaint's convictions; that, on the contrary, they were far from sorry that he was thus gone, leaving them to the full enjoyment of Spanish grace. They addressed their soldiers in favor of loyalty and in denunciation of treason, and treated the proclamation as slightly as Don Joachim Garchia could possibly have wished. They met with little response, however; and every one felt, amidst the show and parade, and festivity of the day, a restlessness and uncertainty which he perceived existed in no less degree in his neighbor than in himself. No one's mind was in the business or enjoyment of the festival; and no one could be greatly surprised at anything that might take place, though the men were sufficiently orderly in the discharge of their duty to render any interference with them unwarrantable, and any precautions

against their defection impossible. The great hope lay in the influence of the two leaders who remained, as the great fear was of that of the one who was gone.

The Spanish force was small constituting only about one-fourth of the whole; and of these the best mounted had not returned from the pursuit of Toussaint; not because they could follow him far in the enemy's country, but because it required some skill and caution to get back in broad day, after having roused expectation all along the road.

While the leaders were anxiously calculating probabilities and reckoning forces, Jacques was satisfying himself that the preponderance of numbers was greatly on the side of his absent friend. His hatred of the whites, which had never intermitted, was wrought up to strong passion this day by the treatment the proclamation and his friend had received. He exulted in the thought of being able to humble the Spaniards by withdrawing the force which enabled them to hold their posts, and by making him whom they called a traitor more powerful in the cause of the blacks than they could henceforth be in that of royalist France. Fired with these thoughts, he was hastily passing the tent of Toussaint, which he had supposed deserted, when he heard from within, speaking in anger and fear, a voice which he well knew, and which had power over him. He had strong reasons for remembering the first time he had seen Therese—on the night of the escape across the frontier. She was strongly associated with his feelings toward the class to which her owner belonged; and he knew that she, beautiful, lonely, and wretched, shared

those feelings. If he had not known this from words dropped by her this morning, he would have learned it now; for she was declaring her thoughts to her master loudly enough for any one who passed by to over hear.

Jacques entered the tent; and there stood Therese, declaring that she would leave her master, and never see him more, but prevented from escaping by Papalier intercepting her passage to the entrance. Her eyes glowed with delight on the appearance of Jacques, to whom she immediately addressed herself.

"I will not go with him—I will not go with him to Paris to see his young ladies. He shall not take care of me. I shall take care of myself. I will drown myself sooner than go with him. I do not care what becomes of me but I will not go."

"Yes, you will care what becomes of you, Therese, because your own people care," said Jacques. I will protect you. If you will be my wife, no white shall molest you again."

"Be your wife!"

"Yes. I love the blacks; and none so much as those whom the whites have oppressed—no one so much as you. If you will be my wife, we will—"

Here, remembering the presence of a white, Jacques explained to Therese, in the Negro language (which she understood, though she always spoke French) the new hopes which had arisen for the blacks, and his own intention of following Toussaint to make him a chief. He concluded in good French, smiling maliciously at Papalier as he spoke,

"You will come with me now to the priest and be my wife?"

"I will," replied Therese, calmly.

"Go," said Papalier. "You have my leave. I am thus honorably released from the care of you till times shall change. I am glad that you will not remain unprotected, at least."

"Unprotected!" exclaimed Therese, as she threw on the Spanish mantle which she was now accustomed to wear abroad. "Unprotected! And what has your protection been?"

"Very kind, my dear, I am sure. I have spent money on your education which I should be very glad of now. When people flatter you, Therese (as they will do, for there is not a Negress in all the island to compare with you), remember who made you a lady. You will promise me that much, Therese, at parting?"

"Remember who made me a lady? I have forgotten too long who made me a woman," said Therese devoutly raising her eyes. "In serving him and loving my husband, I will strive to forget you."

"All alike," muttered Papalier as the pair went out. "That is what one may expect from Negroes, as the General will learn when he has had enough to do with them. They are all alike."

This great event in the life of Jacques Dessalines did not delay his proceedings for more than half an hour. Noon was but just past when he led forth his wife from the presence of the priest, mounted her on his own horse before his tent, and sent her forward under the escort of his personal servant, promising to overtake her almost as soon as she should have crossed the river. When she was gone, he sent the word through the Negro soldiery, who gathered round him almost to a man, and with the quietness which be-

came their superior force. Jean Francias and Biasson were left with scarcely twenty followers each, and those few would do nothing. The whites felt themselves powerless amidst the noonday heats, and opposed to threefold numbers; and their officers found that nothing was to be done but let them to look on quietly, while Jacques led away his little army.

As General Hermona watched the march through his glass from the entrance of one of his aides was heard by him to say,

"The General has probably changed his opinion since he said to you this morning of Toussaint Breda, that God could not visit a soul more pure. We have all had to change our minds rather more rapidly than suits such a warm climate."

"You may have changed your opinions since the sun rose, gentlemen," said Hermona, "but I am not sure that I have."

"How! Is it possible? We do not understand you, my lord."

"Do you suppose that you understand him? Have we been of a degraded race, slaves, and suddenly offered restoration to full manhood and citizenship? How otherwise can we understand this man? I do not profess to do so."

"You think well of him, my lord?"

"I am so disposed. Time, however, will show. He has gone away magnanimously enough, alone, and believing, I am confident, from what Father Laxabon tells me, that his career is closed; but I rather think we shall hear more of him."

"How these people revel in music!" observed one of the staff. "How they are pouring it forth now!"

"And not without reason, surely, it is their exodus that we are watching."

THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE

By ROSCOE CONKLING SIMMONS

THE approaching annual meeting of the National Negro Business League, which will convene in the city of Indianapolis, August 31, serves to reawaken interest in the always inspiring deliberations of that body, and give renewed interest in the powerful influence the organization has exerted on the material development of the Afro-American people during the past five years. The League is a direct result of a wailing cry, rather than a song of joy. It has lived to be hailed with sincere songs of approbation by those who needed its counsel and guidance. The present power of the organization subsists in fidelity to the ideals that brought it into existence. It was organized with the sole purpose of promoting the "commercial and financial development of the Negro." From that it has never swerved; and it is evident to those who attend the meetings from year to year, that those in control of the executive department of the organization are disposed to get nearer to the main purpose, if possible.

When the League was convened in Boston, in 1900, it was surprising and gratifying to note the large number of very substantial men of the race in attendance. There were those who had witnessed, and were still witnessing, the successive rise and fall of business institutions conducted by members of the race, because, and only because, there was no central organization for the promotion of the American spirit of com-

merce and trade. The response to the call for the Boston meeting was like that of a rush of men to the bugle call. They came from the South and from the North; from the East and from the West. Those who came had seen and followed the star. The American people were surprised to hear report after report of some enterprise here and yonder successfully conducted by black men and women. Cultured Boston was surprised, and agreeably so, to hear practical papers and addresses on business propositions by captains of industry and trade who had not yet been given their title. Each succeeding day witnessed increased enthusiasm and attendance; those who were in other parts noticed the increasing reports that the news mediums gave to the stories of those who had gathered there. Those who had called the meeting then realized that such an organization, and only such could bring together the constructive forces of Afro-American citizenship.

A delegate from the state of Mississippi wrote the writer shortly after the adjournment of the Boston meeting: "My faith is strengthened. After nearly forty years of hunting, we have at last found the medium for showing the American people that we have gone forward." That gentleman has increased his business from a \$7,000 basis to one of \$17,000.

Especially to the Negroes of the South is the League a source of inspiration. They are compelled to compete daily

with men who exclude them from the meetings of the Chambers of Commerce and other business Associations, where business plans are discussed and rules of trade established. Cut off from both the knowledge of plans, and the "tricks of trade" the Business League gave them an opportunity to hear business men fresh from the school of experience. It also furnished them with inspiration and encouragement,—the needful assurances for the conducting of a successful business. These men from the South heard the same story of battle and victory from their brothers from other sections of the wild-land, and they went away with prayers for the League, and hope in their future. And not one of them is there that has not increased his business with his knowledge.

To the men of the North and West it gave an opportunity to gain the spirit of toil from the Southern man. It is a simple proposition: If these men and women from the South, with their enjoyment of limited opportunities and rights can build large houses of business and plants of industry, certainly those of the North in the enjoyment of all of their rights and opportunities, ought to be able to do something. The history of the League since that time is sufficient proof that these of the North have profited in proportion to those of the South.

The usual expressions by negative forces, of doubts as to the veracity of the statements by men of the League as to their homes and houses of business have been quitted with the exhibition of photographs of these places at the yearly meeting. At the Richmond meeting of the League, this feature was brought

prominently to the front for the first time; and it was noticeable that the entrance leading to the Reformers' Hall, where the meeting was held, was as crowded as the main room. It was a double inspiration to pass before the elegant homes and substantial business houses of Afro-American men and women, and then pass a few steps up and hear them tell how they had struggled to complete the structures. It is worth a visit to one of the yearly conventions to view these photographs, for, in a very large measure, one may see represented in them the entire business element of the race.

The rapid growth of the Business League, excelling the numerical and representative growth of any organization of the race, has been phenomenal. This can only be attributed to the wholesome influence of the organization, the far-reaching effects of it, and the character of the men who are behind it. There were some one hundred and fifty accredited delegates outside of Boston at the first meeting; the Chicago meeting registered over two hundred men and women. Richmond entertained over three hundred and fifty delegates, who journeyed from a distance; Nashville received a few over four hundred as delegates. These people are positive forces of the race, representing every section, who embrace the yearly opportunity to assure the Nation of their ability to appreciate the life of it, and at the same time prove their belief in the leadership of the genius, who, with his immediate associates, made possible this annual demonstration of genuine progress.

There were just a little over a million dollars represented at the first meeting.

Each succeeding convention has increased the financial representation in proportion to the numerical strength. At the Nashville meeting there was a financial representation of over two and a half million dollars. The Indianapolis convention will register a gratifying sum over and above this.

The influence of the organization upon the life of the Afro-American people is only short of wonderful. There is hardly a State that has failed to feel the influence of it. By inquiry it is found that there are now a third more business institutions owned and operated by colored people than there were before the existence of the League. It has inspired confidence, renewed hope, and established new business houses. Four banks, owned and controlled by colored men, have been organized in the past three years, due to the influence of the League. One of these banks, controlled by Charles Banks, of Mississippi, a vice-president of the League, has made the heaviest increase proportionately, according to the State Auditor's report, in that State. Innumerable stores have been established, larger plants of industry have been undertaken, and the people have taken on new life and hope.

At Indianapolis will be seen the very best that there is in Afro-American man and womanhood. Regenerated men will come to tell their story of the struggle against fearful and entrenched odds. These stories have the ring of truth in them. It is always inspiring to sit and

listen to them, and catch the twinkle of delight in the weird eyes of Dr. Washington,—at once an organizer of amazing force, and one of the most successful presiding officers in the Republic.

It is not to be inferred that only the material side of life is present at a convention. It is noticeable that all the forces that go to make up the life of the race, are associated with the League. One never tires with the reports and addresses, because along with the intrinsic value of them, they are delivered with splendid speech, and oftentimes with oratorical effect.

The industrial development, commercial activity and financial strength of a people, nowadays, especially in America, are the standards for all. This is not the time for the discussion of the ethical aspect of the disposition of the age. We deal with the fact. The Afro-American people are supposed to be measured by the same standards. Useless it is to try to teach this lesson of responsible financial ability and commercial pursuits without a central organization. The need of such an organization called the National Negro Business League into being; the same need has kept it alive.

The merchant and the banker, the planter and broker, the milliner and contractor, the physician and the baker, the manufacturer and insurance man are in attendance at these annual meetings; and they come from all sections of the Republic.



THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE**NOTICES, GENERAL NOTES, ETC.**

THE Fifth Annual Session of the National Negro Business League will be called to order by Booker T. Washington, the President, Wednesday, August 31, in Tomlison Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., and will continue in session for three days. The program has just gone to press and is representative of the high purposes of the League, being confined to men and women who have actually succeeded in business,—example being considered more important than theoretical discussion not buttressed by tangible achievement. Among other subjects to be discussed are the following:

The Negro Publisher, The Story of a 36 Years' Business Experience, The Furniture Business, White Coat Manufacturing, Building up a Grocery Business, Cigar Manufacturing, Undertaking, Fraternal and Industrial Insurance, Meeting the Realty Needs of the Negro People, The Negro as a Book and News Dealer, The Wholesale Junk Business, Establishing and Maintaining Barber Shops, Making Farming Pay, Producing White Potatoes on a Large Scale, The Negro's Success in Silk Culture, The Growth of the Banking Idea, The Affinity of Law and Business, Building a Street Railway Line, Photography, Soda and Mineral Water Manufacturing, Building an Industrial Community,—story after story of success won in spite of many difficulties by men who represent the wealth of the Negroes of the country.

These meetings of the National Negro Business League have proved incalculably helpful and successful. They inspire hope and confidence, and more than that, they afford opportunity for giving to the world examples of which it knew not of Negro thrift and accomplishment.

For the Indianapolis Meeting, reduced rates of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan have been granted by all of the various Passenger Associations of the country, and, in addition, an extension of the return limit may be secured by depositing validated certificates with agents of the Indianapolis terminal lines on or before September 6. By this arrangement opportunity will be afforded for visiting St. Louis or any other point desired.

The entertainment of the delegates of the National Negro Business League will be an especial feature of the coming meeting. The Indianapolis Commercial Club has expressed its interest by a special communication to Mr. Geo. L. Knox, Chairman of the Local Committee of Arrangements. A street car ride about the city, with outing at Fairview Park, has been arranged for the afternoon of second day; on Friday evening, the local Business League and citizens of Indianapolis will tender a banquet in Tomlison Hall in honor of the officers and members of the National Negro Business League. Last year at Nashville, the Fisk Jubilee Singers rendered selections all through the three days' sessions so acceptably and pleasingly that the Local Committee

at Indianapolis has arranged for a select chorus of one hundred voices to sing during the coming meeting.

A special exhibit of photographs illustrating the development of business enterprise among the Negro people of the United States will be an especial feature of the coming meeting, and will be shown in the corridors of Tomlinson Hall. Such photographs will be welcomed if sent at once to Booker T. Washington, President, Tuskegee, Alabama. Delegates intending to be present are especially requested to notify Emmett J. Scott, Corresponding Secretary, Tuskegee, Alabama, and Dr. S. A. Furniss, Secretary Local Committee of Arrangements, 132 west New York street, Indianapolis.

Dr. Furniss will be glad to arrange for the proper accommodation of delegates.

E. J. SCOTT, Secretary.

The Annual Meeting of the National Negro Business League will be held August 31, and September 1, and 2, 1904, at Indianapolis, Indiana. Persons desiring to attend can write Mr. Cyrus Field Adams, Deputy Register of the Treasury, Washington, D. C., as to railroad fare.

The officers of the League would urge upon all of our people engaged in business and those who believe in giving their support to business enterprises, to attend this meeting. They will receive information that will be of very great value to them, and will also gather information as to what is being accomplished throughout the country along business lines. Those who come can attach themselves to the organization by the payment of the regular fee of two dollars which will give them the right to

seats in the convention at all of its sessions. Board and lodging may be had at reasonable rates and everything will be done by the local committee at Indianapolis for the comfort of the visitors. We desire to impress upon you the great importance to the race of this annual business convention.

Yours very respectfully,

FRED. R. MOORE,

National Organizer.

GENERAL NOTES

Mrs. Grace Lucas Thompson is rendering the race a most creditable service as editor of the colored department of the Jeffersonville (Ind.) Star, the leading daily published in Southern Indiana. A Caucasian journal that is pleased to reflect the achievements of the Negro in church, school, business and society circles is a refreshing departure from the great bulk which tell of only the crimes and misdemeanors of the race, emphasizing the very worst side of our current history.

Mrs. Sallie Brown, a thorough-going business woman of the race, owns and manages one of the largest and most elaborately-equipped hair manufacturing and hair-dressing establishments in the State of Indiana at 4 west Market street, English's Hotel Block, Indianapolis. She visits New York every year on a purchasing tour, and keeps her stock up to date. Her customers are almost exclusively of the wealthy classes. Mrs. Brown will display a sample of her work during the Business League convention at Indianapolis.

Mr. Frank Fowler Brown, a graduate of the Schell-Schmidt School of Music at Indianapolis, Ind., a tenor of wide range and remarkable power and sweetness, will combine with the premier violinist, Mr. Joseph H. Douglass, next season for a joint star tour of the country.

A thriving branch of the National Negro Business League has been organized at New Albany, Indiana. The officers are: President, Dr. W. O. Vance; vice-presidents, John H. Yanthis and Rev. Edmund Howard; financial secretary, Walter Maxwell; recording secretary, Bert Alexander; corresponding secretary, Thomas H. Johnson; treasurer, N. B. Shocklett. The various elements of business are very creditably represented. At a recent mass meeting held under the auspices of the League a preamble and the following self-explanatory set of resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, by the Negro Business League of New Albany:

1. That we believe that the most pressing need of the Negro race to-day is a practical education, especially adapted toward fitting young men and women for useful careers in business, trades or professions in which steady and lucrative employment can be speedily found.

2. That we pay particular attention to courses of study offered our children in the public schools, and insist that thorough instruction be given in the elementary branches and that industrial features, manual training be introduced whenever and wherever possible.

3. That we urge our teachers, preachers and parents to encourage a deeper

respect for the so-called "commoner occupations" of life, which afford so many opportunities for honorable service, and that we endeavor more strongly to impress the dignity of labor and realization that idleness is a disgrace, if not a crime.

4. That we believe that along with sensible education and good morals, the future of the race is best assured by stimulating in our people the commercial spirit and in combining our resources for the development and support of all lines of business enterprise among ourselves—thus supplying our manifold wants through skilled Negro workers and tradesmen, and keeping in the pockets of the race thousands of dollars that go annually to merchants who have no sympathy with our aspirations as citizens.

5. That we heartily endorse the wise and prudent leadership of Dr. Booker T. Washington, and regard his fruitful educational labors at Tuskegee, and broad plans for the commercial and industrial uplift of our people as the most powerful agencies that have yet been devised for the full regeneration of the race.

6. That we earnestly commend to every thinking Negro in the land the sound philosophy of Dr. Washington touching the elevating influence and economic value of home ownership, a bank account, expert knowledge of some useful calling, and the intelligent co-operation of head, heart, and hand coupled with a manly spirit of self-helpfulness.

Dr. W. O. Vance and E. R. Gaddie have been chosen to represent the New Albany League at Indianapolis.

Mayor-elect Henry A. Burt, of Jef-

ersonville, Ind., delivered a practical and highly beneficial address July 14th, to the members and friends of the local branch of the National Negro Business League. He eloquently extolled the labors of Dr. Booker T. Washington. Sympathetic support from such an eminent source has greatly encouraged the promoters of the organization. The of-

ficers are: President, Joseph H. Welch; vice-presidents, Jesse B. Wilson, Dr. John Hair and W. S. Owens; corresponding secretary, R. W. Thompson; recording secretary, John T. Smith; treasurer, Isaac Wodlin. The delegates selected to represent the League at the Indianapolis convention are Messrs. Joseph H. Welch and R. W. Thompson.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE NEGRO

BY JOSIAH C. PUMPILLY

COL. HENRY WATTERSON, of Kentucky, says Roosevelt will be defeated because our Republican platform demands a Congressional investigation in Southern States where Negroes are not permitted to vote.

As one, of those who, in the Union League Club, labored, and successfully, too, for the Club's indorsement of the above demand, I beg to differ with our famous journalist.

The prosperity of the South, it seems to me, is wrapped up in the policies of the Republican party, and, moreover, the South can no longer with safety neglect the appeal that is now made by not only the friends of the "black folk" in the North, but by the disfranchised Republicans of the South. As Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, said in the Republican convention, they one and all "look to President Roosevelt as the man who has refused to close the door of hope in their faces. In the name and in memory of your patriot dead the disfranchised South appeals to you for justice."

In deference to its own honor and in

view of the progress already made in the South, the latter cannot afford to oppose this plea.

Chairman Cannon, in the convention, introduced Harry S. Cummings, a colored delegate from Maryland, as "an American citizen whose people were brought from slavery forty years ago, and who have made more progress in one generation than any race ever made."

Those of us who believe in sustaining the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution know the truth and importance of this statement, and for the many others who are ignorant of the real situation of the "black folk" of the South to-day, I would say this: These black people are now possessors of \$900,000,000 of property in the Southland, and they have blotted out over 55 per cent. of illiteracy since they became free. In Florida they have paid out for their education over \$23,000, thus covering the whole charge, the white people being freed from all part in the matter, and in Mississippi they have paid out

\$280,000 in one year. And then, not a single graduate of the Hampton or Tuskegee, Fisk or Atlanta Institutes can be found to-day in any jail or prison of the country. Surely, as Dr. Washington has said, "what measure of education the Negro has received has been repaid."

Of the population of Spain 68 per cent. are illiterate, and of the average South American country, 80 per cent., while after forty years of struggle the American Negro has only 44.5 per cent. of illiteracy to his debt.

What other race, not long out of slavery, and burdened as these black people have been, has made for itself so creditable a record? and does it not deserve our sympathy and should it not be treated in a spirit of fair play by the great Southland?

Is there not something wrong with the superiority that is afraid to show inferiority a fair play? I, for one, believe that the voice of a fair God is speaking now to the thinking men of this Southland, and the thinking men will conquer, for nothing built on unfair play can stand.

That this matter of the Negro States may be more clearly understood, there is now published monthly in New York THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, subscription price, \$1. I know it to be a well edited, admirable magazine, and knowing how self-sacrificing those are who sustain it, I commend it to all your readers, and especially the black citizens of Summit, whose duty is plainly to give it every encouragement.—From the Summit (N. J.) Herald.

MOSES' MAGIC WAND

BY T. THOMAS FORTUNE

GREAT Moses stood on Pisgah's lofty height
 And viewed the Promised Land,—his race possessed, *not then!*
 But reached it not himself! So, in the night,
 Perchance, the grand old prophet found his rest
 In lonely Moab's consecrated breast.
 Was it for this he worked and prayed and sighed
 That God his wayward race, so often blessed,
 Would lead from bondage, in their humbled pride,
 To Freedom's heritage beyond the Jordan's tide!

We cannot say. But many since have stood
 Upon the threshold of the Promised Land,
 And perished in the dismal solitude,
 While viewing nothing of the hopes they planned,
 Seeing naught fruitful issue from their hand.
 Oh, who will make our hopes a burning flame,
 As potent as was Moses' Magic Wand,
 When we are dead, returned to whence we came,
 And are forgot in deed and act and e'en in name!



Izwi Labantu Office,
East London, Cape Colony.
MY DEAR MISS HOPKINS:

Your last letter appointing me a member of the Colored American League is far and beyond anything that I could reasonably desire or expect in the way of appreciation. I shall have to return to the subject again as I have only just taken a first glance at the proceedings at the Revere House, which inaugurated the formation of this notable, and I trust, epoch-making body. I have already remarked in speaking of this honor conferred on me in the columns of Izwi, that no title or insignia which could be conferred now or hereafter can give me more satisfaction than the simple little button in red, white and blue, with its sufficing motto, "For Humanity." Not for white, mark you, nor yet for black alone, or yellow, but for all mankind. Surely this is a creed the very noblest that could be held by man or woman in the pursuit of a common brotherhood in Christ—but the accomplishment, ah! how hard. The ideal, however, being what it is, there is nothing else required but to push on toward the prize of our high calling and to bring such material weapons as we can into service toward that great objective. I am therefore distributing your magazine at different points in South Africa among intelligent native friends, and in due course will be able to submit you the names of men and women, who, by tak-

ing your excellent magazine, will bring its gifts to the doors of our people, who, if they appreciate it as well as I do as a mine of information of the most valuable character on those questions germane to the black and colored races who are being gradually, if skillfully, welded and brought into unity by unseen forces, will be bound to keep taking it, once they have given it a trial. I shall ask them to act as agents in their several districts and submit their names to you. After that you can deal direct with the parties concerned. I shall also call attention in our columns to the League, and trust that in one way and another, the noble work begun at the Revere House will fully justify in course of time (and oh! may it be soon) the great expectations of its honored patron, John C. Freund, and the other men and women patriots who graced the inauguration ceremony with their presence and patronage.

Yours faithfully,

A. KIRKLAND SOGA, Editor Izwi.
East London, South Africa.

The case of John Weaver, Mayor of Philadelphia, would have interested the late Samuel Smiles. A place for it would have been found in his book on "Self Help." One may be skeptical about some of the illustrations of rising in the world against heavy odds which the industrious Sathiel compiled, but John Weaver is a recorded human document—his career can be verified, step by step.

It proves, to use a trite expression, that there is room at the top for the man who is willing to work his way and to work more than eight hours a day.

The Mayor of Philadelphia is a reticent sort of person, but in talking to some young men at a lyceum in Kensington last evening, he confessed that less than 25 years ago he was earning \$7 a week as a clerk in a department store. It was then incumbent on him to tell his hearers why he was not still in a department store, earning \$10 or \$15 a week; for it is a fact within the knowledge of most persons that very few department store clerks become Mayors of Philadelphia. Mr. Weaver said he was not contented with his job, and took up shorthand as a means of emancipation. "Although my only available time for studying was after business hours," he said, "I managed to devote a great deal of time to the subject. I made it a practice in going along the street of mentally tracing in hieroglyphics the wording of all signs. I dreamed of shorthand at night. At church I used to take the minister's sermon in shorthand. I did not seek instruction, but depended entirely on my own efforts. My book alone was my teacher. When the manager of the store heard I was going to quit he sent for me and offered to pay me a few more dollars a week if I would remain. His offer might have kept me, I told him, if it had been made earlier, but it had come too late. I had become a shorthand expert."

Weaver found employment in the courts, and was fascinated by the law. He listened to the jury addresses of such advocates as the eloquent Daniel Dougherty, Furman Shepard and George W.

Biddle, and determined to emulate them. But he was on duty as a stenographer as early as eight o'clock in the morning in the office where he was employed and often as late as eight in the evening. "In the same way I studied shorthand I studied law," he said. Complex situations such as I met in my studies of the subject came into my dreams." To be registered as a law student it was necessary to pass an examination in elementary school branches. Mayor Weaver confessed last night that this examination was too much for him—he flunked and had to go at it again. "I studied for another year," he said. "When I passed the first examination I realized I was facing a more crucial test in order to become a member of the bar. The regular course of office study was three years. Determined to prevent a second failure, I studied one year longer than really was required. When I appeared before the board of examiners, I was fully prepared." When he argued his first case, on Dutch courage, he made so many good points (he thought) that the Court could not but give him a judgment, but the other side won. "I only mention these incidents in my career to illustrate to the young men gathered here to-night," said Mayor Weaver, "the folly of over-confidence." It was natural for the Mayor, speaking from the pinnacle of his fame, to warn callow youth against the mistake of knowing too much, but John Weaver would never have risen to be District Attorney and Mayor of Philadelphia if he had not been often over-confident. He is now facing, by the way, the biggest problem of his life: the responsibility of giving Philadelphia the reform government it needs.



PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

Colored Co-Operative Publishing and Printing Company
181 PEARL STREET
New York

FRED. R. MOORE
Publisher and General Manager

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will hereafter be published in New York. The management appreciates the cordial support given it during its stay in Boston, and would ask a larger measure of support.

It is our purpose to publish a magazine that shall record the doings of the race along material lines, and to demonstrate to mankind generally, that we are entitled to have the door of opportunity kept wide open for us as for other men. It is our desire to make the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE a welcome visitor to the homes of the American people. Each month will find it knocking at your door, and the publisher hopes for it a cordial welcome.

YOUR particular attention is invited to the articles appearing in each month's issue, and we leave it to your good judgment to say whether we are not entitled to receive your continuous support.

WE invite suggestions which will lead to improvement, and we hope our patrons will not hesitate in bringing to our attention any matter they may have in mind that will prove helpful. Our aim is to please you and by doing this, the magazine will be sure of success.

THE reader will be glad to know that all of the mechanical work of construction connected with publishing the magazine has been done by members of the race exclusively,—make-up, printing, presswork and binding are the work of Afro-Americans. No other race magazine is the work of an entirely colored force. Give your opinion of our handiwork by sending in your subscription, and by advocating appreciation of such work.

THE magazine will publish the news items of the National Negro Business League and of the race generally throughout the country.

THE serial story, "THE HOUR AND THE MAN," discontinued after this issue.

It is our purpose to capitalize and incorporate the COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING AND PRINTING COMPANY under the laws of the State of New York. As soon as our plans are fully perfected the public will be notified and given an opportunity to subscribe to its shares.

A Masonic Department will be established in the next issue of the magazine under the direction of Mr. Samuel R. Scottron.